

# BUDDHA

FOX TROT

*Miss Spies*

SONG

ALSO PUBLISHED AS INSTRUMENTAL

By  
LEW POLLACK

PRICE SIXTY CENTS





# BUDDHA

Words by  
ED ROSE

Music by  
LEW POLLACK

Moderato *Slow*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and melodic lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, consisting of two staves. The right hand has a more active melodic line, while the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

In an o - ri - ent - al clime, seat - ed on a mys - tic shrine,  
Time changed quick - ly in - to years, still no word from him she hears,

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, consisting of two staves. The right hand has a more active melodic line, while the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the beginning.

Bud - dha dwells, and dis - pels hate. \_\_\_\_\_  
But each day, she would pray low. \_\_\_\_\_

The piano accompaniment for the second line of the song, consisting of two staves. The right hand has a more active melodic line, while the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present at the beginning.

Came a maid, to him one day, with a trou- bled heart, they say,  
 When her sav - ings all were spent, ma - gic mes - sag - es were sent,

*p*

She was told he con - trolled fate. \_\_\_\_\_ "Oh,  
 She en - thused at the news so. \_\_\_\_\_ I

*mf*

Bud - dha, list to my plea, \_\_\_\_\_ I bring  
 came from far, far a - way \_\_\_\_\_ While those

*cresc.*

my troub - led heart to thee, so won't you please tell me;"  
 near heard her soft - ly say, "now won't you please tell me;"

*poco rall e dim* *molto rit.*

REFRAIN

"Bud - dha, does he real - ly love me, Bud - dha, is he think - ing of me,

*mf*

At each dawn I'm a - wak - ing, And I find my heart still break - ing;

Bud - dha with the pop - pies bloom - ing, He said he'd come back to me,

Bud - dha, can't you dis - cov - er, My heart cries, there's an - oth - er

*accel.* *dim.* *molto rit.*

Bud - dha with your mys-tic pow-er, Bud - dha, take this fad-ed flow-er,

I know he'll un-der stand and ease my sad heart, why?

Oh, why did he say good bye? Bud-dha list-en to my plea, bring him

*very broadly* *rall.*

back to me. me.